

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



HERR KALTMANN.

## NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN,"  
"LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—A TEMPLE OF SCIENCE.

There metaphysics, logic there had place,  
But of devotion not a single trace.

—Crabbe.

THE report of Mrs. Chamberlain's visit to the  
Goshen quickened Mr. Brownlow's determination  
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to call and see the lawyer at Nobottle, and to ask whether it would not be possible to take some steps for proving the will, or, at least, to prevent the new man and his steward from doing whatever they pleased with the property. He would have written to Arthur Neville on the subject, but Arthur, he knew, was reading hard, and it would have been a pity to disturb his mind at such a time.

Mr. Fellowes had not lost sight of the question; but he could not give any other opinion than that

PRICE ONE PENNY.

which he had already expressed. He promised to bear the case in mind still, and if any collateral evidence could be obtained to show what was the testator's intention, it might be worth while, he said, to take it into court. At present he did not think it would be desirable to do so.

"Something may turn up some day," he said. "You and I must be on the look-out. We might, perhaps, if we were to put in our claim, prevent you from being turned out of your house for a time; but it would cost a lot of money, and do no good in the end; we must wait in the hope of something turning up; that's the only thing we can do now."

Mr. Fellowes did not charge him six and eightpence for his advice; but John Brownlow gave him a hint that if money were the thing wanted to give Mr. Arthur a chance of asserting his rights, he had a little fund at the bank which he should be willing to draw upon for that purpose.

"Nothing can be done without money, that's certain," said the lawyer; "but Mr. Arthur is the only person who can move in the matter. If I can see my way to doing any good, and he consents, I shall not let expense stand in the way. I would take my chance for costs, rather than he should lose anything."

"Bear in mind what I have said, though," said the farmer; "I shall be ready to help if necessary; but don't say a word about it to any one."

"All right," said Fellowes; and they parted.

Several weeks passed away, and Lady-day was approaching. They had seen very little of the Chamberlains; but they anticipated that a notice to quit would be sent in due course. They often talked of it, and it was always upon their minds.

"What is to be done?" Mr. Brownlow said to his wife one day, when the wind was high, and they had been remarking that March was coming in like a lion. "What is to be done?"

"Nothing," she answered. "We can only wait and trust. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'" That was her usual answer.

Michael and his sister were sitting by at the time, and the former, after one or two preliminary "hems," said, "I have been thinking—" and stopped short.

"Well, Michael?"

He exchanged looks with Lizzie, and said again, "I have been thinking—"

"We have all been thinking," said his father, "but it doesn't seem to do much good."

"If you or I could see the squire—Mr. Neville, I mean—and have some talk with him apart from Chamberlain, we might get him over to our side."

"He's abroad somewhere," said Brownlow, "else I should have had another bout with him myself before now."

"He is not very far off," said Michael; "he's in Germany, and is going to Italy before long. He is staying with a friend somewhere near Frankfort."

"He might as well be in the moon," said Brownlow. "How could I ever get to Germany?"

To Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow Germany, especially at that season of the year, seemed as inaccessible as the antipodes, or even as that other place which he had mentioned.

"Up the Rhine is not much of a journey," said Michael. "You might not care about it, but I should enjoy such a trip very much. I have got the address, and know all about it. I could get there and back in ten days."

"And what good would it do, if you were to see him?"

"I might get him to promise that we should not be turned out from the Goshen. That would be worth going for, even if it were to the moon."

John Brownlow shook his head at first at Michael's proposition; but the idea gained favour as they talked it over. Mr. Neville did not like trouble; they knew that very well. Michael would have a good chance with him in Chamberlain's absence. He might promise him anything he asked if only to get rid of his importunity. If they could get a letter from the new squire to say they were not to be disturbed they would be independent of the steward.

"It would be a pretty slap in the face for Mrs. Chamberlain," said Michael, looking at his mother.

"It would be a difficult task for you, though," she answered, evidently well pleased with the idea, but half afraid of it. "You do speak German, don't you?"

"A little," said Michael; "that is, I used to read it at school. I should get on all right. I should manage the squire too, I'm sure. I would stick to him well. I would not let him go till he said yes. The sooner I go the better. You need not say anything to the Chamberlains. I should let him send the notice to quit all the same. It would vex him properly, and his wife too, to be expecting to have this house, and talking about it, and making all their plans, and then for me to pull out the squire's letter and snap my fingers at them."

Mrs. Brownlow could not at first refrain from sharing her son's feelings of exultation, but she soon quieted down.

"No," she said; "we will not tell any one where you are gone, but if you get the letter we must let them know about it directly. We must not seek to annoy them, or to triumph over them. But is he really to go, John? What do you think of it?"

Mr. Brownlow said he must "sleep on it." That was not so easily done. It kept him awake the best part of the night thinking; but in the morning he gave his consent to his son's proposal, and a day or two later Michael went up to London, made his travelling arrangements, and started for Frankfort.

Mr. Neville-Thornton was staying with a friend who had once been his schoolfellow in Germany. Henry Neville had been educated in Germany. He spoke the language fluently, and was altogether more German than English in his tastes, opinions, and habits. It was rumoured at home that he had changed his faith, and was a Roman Catholic, but in reality he had never had any faith to change. If he had aspired to be religious, the religion of Rome would have suited him as well or better than any other. He was an indolent man, and it would have relieved him of that personal responsibility and trouble which he so much disliked. He could have left the care of his soul and its eternal interests to his priest, as he left the care of his landed estates to his steward. But Mr. Neville-Thornton had adopted a still easier method. Religion was not by any means an urgent matter with him. He did not depend upon it for the supply of his immediate wants, and only indirectly for the gratification of his tastes. He postponed the question, therefore, altogether. At Oxford the seeds of rationalism, which had been sown in Germany, sprung up and bore fruit. He listened there to the conversation

and lectures of scientific men, which led him easily to the conclusion that it was not worth while to trouble himself about anything beyond the scope of this present material world. He was not sure that he had a soul, an immortal soul, to take care of, or that any reliable means were available for taking care of it if he had. He had been taught to read his Bible as a child, and had received its lessons with a child's unhesitating belief; but in riper years, when he heard the truths of Revelation assailed, and all its facts and histories explained away, he did not trouble himself to weigh the arguments or to examine the evidence adduced, but adopted them because they suited him.

He liked also to be considered a man of independent mind and broad opinions. It was pleasant to be ranked among philosophers and men of science. He would not have chosen to walk openly in the counsel of the ungodly, nor to sit in the seat of the scornful; but he liked to speak of learned professors who were making a name (if not a fame) for themselves in the world as his friends; and it was gratifying to his pride to have it said that his opinions were in advance of his age. With his indolent, selfish disposition, he might have been equally careless, perhaps, about his moral and religious duties if he had been brought up under a different system; but the doctrines to which he had given his ignorant adhesion offered a fair excuse for such indifference.

Herr Kaltmann, Henry Neville's friend (we ought rather to call him Dr. Kaltmann, for he had taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy when he was little more than a boy), was a small man, and his large face made him look smaller. He wore spectacles, which he never removed. He seemed to be dreaming through them all day, and probably wore them and dreamed in them all night. He was a highly scientific man, every one said; but he aimed above all at being practical, both in science and philosophy. Many indications of his genius in this respect were to be seen in his house and grounds. His garden was laid out in geometric patterns, his flower-beds were in the form of circles, triangles, and rhombs. The walks radiated from a centre like the spokes of a wheel; there was a fountain which revolved; and another which, by a peculiar piece of mechanism like a bellows within, sent forth long and short streams of water alternately, as if it had been alive and breathing. Herr Kaltmann would suggest some kind of analogy between this fountain and the principle of life, as he termed it, in the human heart. They were both force-pumps, he said—nothing more. He had a large india-rubber hose, through which he forced the water up-hill, to irrigate his flower-beds; and to this, by way of experiment and illustration, he would sometimes screw two or three smaller ones, to convey the water back again to the tank. This represented the circulation of the blood, he said, through arteries and veins. The fire by which his small steam pumping-engine was kept at work was the animal heat, by which the heart is actuated. The analogy stopped there, where, if there had been any truth in the doctor's theory, it ought to have begun.

Doctor Kaltmann's trees were cut into many curious shapes, as pyramids and cones, etc, and there was a living hat-stand near the front door, and a flourishing dumb waiter by the seat where he used to sit and smoke. There was a principle of life in these shrubs which gave him and the gardener a great deal of

trouble, as they persisted in growing out of shape. The doctor had puzzled his brain to find out some means of subduing this, and had made one or two experiments which had either failed altogether, or had succeeded only by destroying the trees and shrubs upon which he had operated. If he could only have found out where the "electricity," or whatever it was that gave such vitality to the plant, came from, he could have controlled it, or thought he could; and would then have been able to make his trees grow up into the desired forms at once; or at any rate to prevent them from putting forth objectionable shoots and branches, after they had been elaborately shaped and pruned. It was curious, he used to say, that however near he came to it, he had not yet been able to discover exactly what the principle of life was, either in the plant or the animal. Philosophers of more renown than he have devoted a great deal of time and talent to the same pursuit, with no better success. There may have been such in the days of Solomon; yet he, with all his wisdom, confessed,

"I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun: because though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea farther; though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it."

Dr. Kaltmann did not search very deeply. How could he, occupying himself chiefly with his own thoughts and speculations? He did not think that he was called upon to believe anything which he could not understand—an *axiom* which would land any of us in infidelity; he could not help believing that the trees grew, and he hoped some day or other to find out how and why. As to his own existence as a living, rational being, all that his research and philosophy had done for him hitherto, backed as it was by the learned professors of Germany and of some other countries, was to bring him to the same standpoint with poor Topsy: he was ignorant of his Maker, and must have supposed that somehow or other "he grew."

The interior of the doctor's house was furnished with numerous evidences of his proficiency and love for science. He had a workshop fitted up with lathes and every kind of mechanical tool; and there he spent a great deal of his time. He had, as assistant here, an elderly man, who was himself a cunning workman, and who, if the truth may be told, contrived and also constructed most of the ingenious devices which the doctor loved to point to as the fruit of his own invention if not the work of his own hands. No one contradicted him, and it is possible he may have thought that he had a larger part in the results produced than was really the case. In his hall was a barometer, the mercury of which acted upon a lever, and in rainy weather caused a shower, lighter or heavier, to descend upon a vessel below it, in which were gold-fish and ferns. Thus you could see at a glance whether it was likely to rain or not; or could even hear it raining indoors an hour or two before the clouds appeared outside. The showers were produced by letting the water from a cistern into a colander, as Aristophanes supposes in his "Clouds" that rain was produced from the heavens. So the philosopher of to-day had advanced as far as the comic poet of antiquity on this point, if no further.

The same poet speaks of a school of disciples who were studying astronomy, with their heads plunged into the earth, as if looking for roots, and with their heels turned up towards the stars. If he had said



"theology," that description also might have found its parallel in the present day.

The sound of the rain pattering on the tank was very refreshing in the heat of summer; or would have been if the barometer had fallen, so as to act upon the lever when required. But Doctor Kaltmann could not make it do this. He could screw it up or down, and so produce the rain indoors; but then the scientific value of the instrument was lost; the shower indoors was not followed by the rain which refresheth the earth and maketh it to bring forth increase. A method of effecting that was yet to be desired.

There were many contrivances for marking the flight of time in that house; for of course that was a very important matter to the doctor. He did not profess to have any interests beyond the present moment, and it behoved him, therefore, to be careful of what time he had, and to get as much as possible out of it. No miser, one may suppose, would count his farthings or his gold half so carefully as the man who has no expectation of a future life his moments or his days. Of course there was a sun-dial out of doors, and the sun's rays were reflected also through the windows by a series of small mirrors, so that they fell at different periods of the day upon different parts of the doctor's study, which faced to the east and south, and the walls were marked with curved lines divided into seconds, and minutes, and hours, by the help of which the time of day could be seen at a glance in the study, if any one happened to be there, which was not often the case, as the doctor had never been much given to reading.

On the sun-dial outside the pretty, if hackneyed, motto was engraved—*Horas nisi serenas non numero*. One must not be too critical about an inscription or an epitaph, else one might be tempted to suggest that the liveliest and brightest hours are not always the best for us in this world, and that some of the shadowy ones are worth counting also. The motto was less appropriate than usual, perhaps, in this instance, for by means of a burning-glass the rays were concentrated at noon upon the touchhole of a cannon, which was fired with a loud report. The cannon was a correct model of one of Herr Krupp's famous breechloaders, warranted to carry a live shell through ten inches of iron, and to spread death and destruction among the crew of an ironclad, or anywhere else where it might fall; and thus at noon every day, when the sun shone, all who were in the neighbourhood of the sun-dial were reminded that if man cannot make the days serene he can at least interrupt their serenity, and if he does not count the hours of gloom himself he can make widows and orphans to count them.

There were contrivances of a more lively description in various parts of Dr. Kaltmann's house, intended for amusement and harmless recreation. These were of the nature of practical jokes, which, by the help of sundry pieces of mechanism, were played off upon the doctor's guests, who, of course, did not suspect them. There were doors with secret springs, which would not open unless one knew how to manipulate them, and which would not close when open. There was a chair which fell to pieces the moment any one sat down upon it, and another with arms to it which closed in front of its occupant, and held him prisoner, and then began to revolve with him, and could not be stopped; together with many other pleasant scientific trifles of a similar kind.

To this temple of science Michael Brownlow directed his steps one fine evening in March, shortly before dusk, in search of Mr. Henry Neville-Thornton. He was on foot, having walked along one of those narrow valleys through which the small tributary streams make their way in haste to swell the waters of the Rhine. He was a good walker, but he had begun to feel very tired and footsore before he reached the hill on the summit of which Dr. Kaltmann's house or castle was situated. He had asked his way at every opportunity, but although the doctor was very well known, and he had been rightly directed, he had missed the path once or twice in trying to make short cuts, and had found the journey very much longer than he had expected. One reason of this was, no doubt, that he had been told it was only five miles, and he did not know till afterwards that a German *meile* is equal to four and a-half English miles. He had already walked about eighteen miles—out of the five—when a peasant told him that he had a mile farther to go, and pointed to a tower at a distance, apparently about three miles off, which he said was half way. It was well that he had started early in the day, or he would have been belated in the woods.

Michael was very angry with the innocent cottagers and countrymen who had deceived him, as he thought, one after another, and set down the whole German people as a set of storytellers given to playing tricks upon travellers.

Arrived at the doctor's house, he rang the bell and asked for Mr. Henry Neville-Thornton, but had to repeat the name more than once before the man who opened the door to him could tell what he meant. Long names, and hard to be expressed, are not uncommon in the Fatherland; they are like the miles which made it seem a "farther" land indeed to Michael! but "Henry Neville-Thornton" had a peculiarity of its own which a stranger could not easily master. The servant denied at first that any such person was to be found there, and Michael began to fear that he should have to retrace his steps, or some of them; but the man at length recognised the sound "Dornton," and gave him reason to hope that the gentleman he was in search of might possibly be found. Michael sent in his card, and was left for some minutes alone in the entrance-hall to look about him.

#### THE HIGHEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.\*

HALF a century ago, when railways and locomotives were yet in their infancy, it was thought by some persons that the engines and carriages would never be able to run up or down hills or around curves; in fact, that they would only be able to proceed

\* The author of an interesting work, "The English in South America," says, "The most important railway in South America is that which begins at Callao, climbs across the Andes, and reaches the navigable waters of one of the head-streams of the Amazon. During the first forty-six miles, the line climbs up 5,000 feet. In the next sixty miles it mounts 10,000 feet more. It winds along the edge of precipices; it leaps from cliff to cliff by bridges that seem to hang in the air; it pierces the mountains by a series of sixty-three tunnels at the average of two miles apart; at the summit, 15,645 feet above the sea, it cuts the rock by a tunnel of nearly 4,000 feet. The iron viaduct of Agua de Verrugas springs 676 feet across a chasm 253 feet deep. After ascending a grade of 105 to 211 feet to the mile for twenty-three miles, the line reaches the chasm of La Infernilla, a fissure 2,000 feet deep, with sides as smooth as mason work, and the torrent of the River Rimac at the bottom. The railway crosses this gorge 200 feet above the river by a bridge opening into a tunnel at each end. In driving these tunnels the workmen were lowered by ropes from the top of the cliff, and hanging in that way they hammered at the face of the rock until they had cut themselves standing-room."

in a straight and level line. Indeed, it was doubted whether the wheels, unless fitted with cogs, or teeth, would be able to "bite" the rails with sufficient grip to draw heavy loads, even on a plane superficies. It was not long ere these ideas were practically refuted, although no one imagined for many years that hills so high and curves so sharp as are now traversed would be overcome by the steam-engine. Indeed, the impracticability of making turns on the arc of a circle with a small radius with carriages having three pairs of wheels was long contended for by Dr. Lardner. And it was not, we believe, until the Americans constructed carriages to turn on pivots on two pairs of wheels at either end that this was accomplished with the smallest amount of friction, and consequent least loss of power. Yet few even of those who daily travel on our almost level home railways, with their tunnels and cuttings, are aware of the heights to which the rails are carried in some countries, or of the zigzag structure of some mountain railways.

In the Old World the Mont Cenis Railway, the Semmering Pass, in Styria, between Trieste and Vienna, the railroad from Florence over the Apennines to Bologna, and the Bhoire and Thull Ghat lines in Western India—some of which rise to heights of 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the level of the sea—are amongst the most remarkable for their curves, elevation, and gradients.

In the New World, however, much higher elevations are reached. One, over the Alleghanies, in the United States of North America, reaches a height of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet near Altamont and Deer Park, while the Pacific Railroad, *via* Rock Island to San Francisco, rises to more than double that height. Another, which scales Mount Washington, is remarkable for its rapid inclines and steep gradients, while the scenery along most of these lines is amongst the grandest and most picturesque in the world.

But it is in South America that railways have as yet reached by far their greatest height. In these regions it is of vast importance commercially to connect, if possible, the upper table-lands of the Andes, or Cordilleras (as the western ridge is called), and the fertile slopes east of these mountains, with the less fertile lands and seaports of the western coast.

This is especially important in Peru, as by far the largest and most fertile portion of this great country consists of elevated table-lands, or *punas*, among the Cordilleras, and vast plains on the eastern slopes of the Andes, watered by the tributaries of the Upper Amazons, or Marañon, down which steamers can run to Para, on the Atlantic coast; while by far the largest number of its inhabitants dwell on the western side, where Lima, the capital of Peru, and Callao, its seaport, and all the most important towns and seaports are situated. And while the western side of the country, though rich in mineral wealth—silver, copper, nitrates, guano, etc.—is comparatively barren except in a few of the valleys, the table-lands of the Cordilleras and eastern slopes of the Andes are rich and fertile, capable of producing pasturage, corn, fodder, and fruits in great abundance. Hence the vast importance, socially and commercially, of connecting them will be at once seen, for, as Cowper reminds us—

"Mountains interposed,  
Make enemies of nations who had else,  
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

Several years since some enterprising gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Henry Meiggs and Mr. Wheelwright, both United States citizens, set on foot railway projects for connecting the distant eastern and western provinces of Peru. A line from the port of Mollendo, on the Pacific, was made to the city of Arequipa (107 miles), at a cost of two and a quarter millions, and from thence to the city of Puno (on the western shore of Lake Titicaca, on which steamers ply, at an elevation of 12,870 feet above the sea), and a further distance of 222 miles, at an additional cost of six millions sterling, the whole being much less than the cost of many a little war, or even of a single battle. Puno, which is built mostly of stone, has a population of about 10,000 souls, with a fine cathedral, high school, and other public buildings.

"This railway," says Mr. Bates, "is so contrived as to traverse this great extent of mountainous country without tunnels of greater length than 300 feet. Steep cuttings, superb viaducts, and reverse tangents, up rough and steep slopes, to heights of 14,660 feet above the sea level, are amongst the chief features of this bold undertaking, which will bring the temperate regions of the elevated Titicaca and the Bolivian cities beyond within easy reach of the Pacific Ocean."\* Yet this line is nearly 1,000 feet lower than the Transandine Oroya line, which connects the port of Callao, on the Pacific, *via* Lima, with Oroya on the eastern side of the Andes.

This line, of which about 100 miles are open for traffic, reaches a height of 15,645 feet, or (according to a card obtained on the line) 15,722 feet above the sea—i.e., a height of nearly three miles, or about the height of Mont Blanc. It has cost, it is said, already upwards of 36,000,000 dols., or more than seven millions sterling, and is not yet completed. This is undoubtedly by far the highest railway hitherto constructed in the world. Both lines are due in great measure to the energy, skill, and enterprise of the late Mr. Henry Meiggs, a citizen of the United States, whose name has been associated with other great works in South America.† The highest peak near which the railway passes, at an elevation of 17,574 feet, has been named after him, Monte Meiggs.

The writer recently made a trip up this line from Callao to Lima, and thence to Chicla, at an elevation of 12,220 feet. The train leaves Callao at seven o'clock a.m., and Lima an hour later. At Lima one is shown, in the Cathedral crypt, the corpse of Pizarro, the proud and rapacious conqueror of Peru, and treacherous murderer of poor Atahualpa, the last of the Incas.‡ The corpse is exhibited by a coloured verger, or beadle, who for a trifling sum lends off a bit of the shroud for visitors with so little hesitation that I was constrained to make him an offer for the lower jaw-bone, which was loose, but which, however, he thought might be missed, and therefore declined!

\* Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travels," by H. W. Bates. London. 1878.

† It may not be uninteresting to compare the highest levels yet reached by some of the principal railways in the world; the figures were kindly furnished me by Mr. E. Stanford, of 55, Charing Cross.

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| Lima and Oroya line ..       | 17,574 feet above the sea<br>(or more than 3 miles). |
| Mollendo and Titicaca ..     | 14,660 feet above the sea.                           |
| Central Pacific, U. S. A. .. | 8,242 "  |
| Mont Cenis ..                | 4,460 "  |
| Canadian Pacific ..          | 3,646 "  |
| (Surveyed only.)             |  |

‡ This occurred Aug. 29th, 1533. Eight years later Pizarro was murdered here, viz., 26th June, 1541.

The scene presents a most humiliating contrast to the pomp and pride assumed by Pizarro in his lifetime.

The city of Lima, the capital of Peru, is finely built, in spite of earthquakes, and well laid out with a public park and excellent zoological and horticultural gardens. The city is said to contain 160,000 inhabitants, and the port 35,000, hence it is important to connect them with the rich Transandine corn and cattle producing provinces.

The Oroya line of railway proceeds up the valley of the River Rimac (whence the city of Lima is said to take its name), only a rapid mountain torrent. Fields of sugar-canes and maize, orchards of fig-trees and castor-oil plants, vineyards and groves of mimosa or acacias are passed, in the lower part of the valley, which is scarcely a mile in width, and soon diminishes to a quarter of that breadth. The train ascends gradually at first and occasionally stops at small stations. At Chosica (nearly 2,832 feet high) a stoppage is made for breakfast, which is provided by a Welsh family. Another stoppage is made at San Bartolomé (nearly 5,000 feet high) for water and light refreshments. Here the stupendous gradients and zigzag windings of the railway up the mountain slopes can be seen to advantage, and the down train is passed. The view down the valley here, after the train has left the village and risen nearly a thousand feet above it, is magnificent. At Matucana, another quaint old village, with a good buffet, kept by an English or American family, another stoppage is made at a height of 7,788 feet, and the heat now sensibly diminishes though the sun is higher. Here is a very primitive looking church and *tienda*, or hotel, and a few farmhouses, and miners' and labourers' cottages. Farther up, at an elevation of 10,525 feet, is San Mateo, an old Spanish town of, perhaps, 2,000 souls, with a good-sized church, a hotel, and a few shops. Gardens and orchards of peach, apple, and pear-trees, and a rich undergrowth of *alfalfa*, or lucerne, are seen.

The mountain sides, in some places rough, barren, and inaccessible, are in others clothed for many miles with little terraces extending many hundred feet upwards from the bottom of the valley. These, though now dry and barren, were once carefully irrigated with water from the Rimac, and made to produce a rich abundance of corn and fruits. They are the works of the subjects of the Incas, who ruled over a teeming population here three centuries and a half ago, ere the Spaniards, under the leadership of the rapacious Pizarro, came amongst them in quest of gold. The swarming and industrious population of so-called pagans melted away under the scourge of the so-called Christian invaders, the industry declined, and their place can hardly be said to be filled by the few nominal and less industrious Christians now found here.

After a little more than another hour's ride up magnificent gradients, we arrive at Chila, at an elevation of 12,220 feet. We pass through tunnels and over bridges, one of which is called the Puente del Infernillo, or Bridge of the Little Hell, from the yawning, foaming chasm where the Rio Blanca joins the Rimac. At Chila there are some workshops and a very good hotel, kept by a German, as, though the line is made some miles farther, the trains do not yet run through. The whole distance had occupied about eight hours. We had passed some forty tunnels and perhaps as many viaducts, some of which seemed so near the edge of precipices as

to make one shudder to look out of the carriage windows, and the ladies occasionally screamed for fear the engine should leave the rails. The mountains rise around the station three or four thousand feet, and are partly clothed with snow, which was falling and obscuring the view when we arrived. A good dinner was ready on our arrival, and the rapid change from tropical heat to wintry cold would probably have given a keen appetite, but the lightness of the air at this elevation of more than two miles produced sickness and headache in several of the passengers, and they soon withdrew from table to their bedrooms; others sat around the warm stove, as is the wont in England and North America in mid-winter.

At night blankets and wrappers were decidedly necessary to comfort, and even safety, as the cold reached freezing-point. With a supply of these we managed to get a comfortable night's rest, though some were afflicted with headache and sickness all the night. In the morning, while taking a stroll to the snow a little above the hotel, I watched a condor soaring aloft; and shortly after intelligence arrived that a landslip had occurred, and we might perhaps be detained a day or two—no very pleasant prospect. A little before ten o'clock a.m., and just as breakfast was ready, a telegram came to say the line was clear, and the bell rung for the train to start, and soon we were on the descent for warmer regions.

The return trip gave us a repetition of the same scenery which had interested us in going; and the bracing air of the mountains had rendered the tropical heat to which we returned endurable and even welcome. A brief stay only was made at Matucana, barely time for a cup of coffee, and another at San Bartolomé, and at a few other stations to load fodder or fruits; and at two o'clock p.m. the train stopped at the principal station of Lima, the down journey having occupied just four hours, or barely half the time of the up journey. The rapidity of the transition from the distant and lofty snowy mountains to the sultry coast, and the scenes, both of nature and art, which we had witnessed in such rapid succession, impressed strongly on my mind the idea that the Oroya and Transandine Railway is at once a splendid triumph of civilisation, and one of the grandest engineering achievements in the world.

W. B. KEER.

## CONJURERS' PROPERTIES.

I.

BY "properties" we do not allude to houses, land, stock, or shares. The wizard may be possessed of all these, being no longer an outcast, feared and shunned for his knowledge of the *Black Art*, but a generally "prosperous gentleman," fluent of speech, with a ready wit, and quick eye and hand. The "properties" now under review are those adjuncts to his profession, visible and invisible, which he lovingly calls "props." They are, in very truth, his capital, his stock-in-trade; literal supports enabling him to build up seemingly wonderful effects by very simple means.

We have said visible and invisible "properties," and with reason. The modern school of *Prestidigitateurs*



has done away with many of the glittering appliances, or "properties," with which the platform was decked in the pre-Houdin period of the art, and the old magnificent "Psychomanteum" has given place to a drawing-room scene, as little magical in appearance as is the professor of legerdemain himself. Relics of the golden and barbaric age of conjuring remain, certainly, but they are surely being displaced by the bare stage—and no favour from adventitious aids—that distinguishes the new school.

Of course even the latter "dresses" the stage or platform with a table and chairs, and these innocent-looking pieces of furniture are converted into useful dumb-waiters. The table is the arch-offender in this respect, but even the chairs, especially if their backs be covered, act as places of concealment for articles required during the performance. The table has probably no cloth, merely a fringe a few inches deep running round it, yet it is of great importance to the wizard, and may probably be classed "A1" amongst his "properties." On its green baize top it has, most likely, artfully-jointed traps, with a box-like receptacle beneath, as it is sure to have a projecting shelf behind (the *servante*), with a rim to prevent articles rolling off, and so padded as to deaden the sounds of their falling on it. Sometimes the legs are hollow, containing "pistons," moved up and down, when required, by an assistant beneath the stage, or by the performer's foot. Levers to open and close the traps also run through the legs, and are worked on the same principle, or by thin cord or silk passed from the leg along the stage to the back of the scene or curtains.

Formerly "bellows tables" were much in vogue. These had covers to them falling almost to the stage, and a false bottom to the table enabled an assistant, concealed within, to hand various articles to the performer. A better application of the trick was where a boy or girl was made to disappear from under a cone most mysteriously. The child was placed upon the table and the cloth raised to show there was nothing underneath. This was allowed to fall into its place again, the child was covered with the cone, and—"Hey, presto!"—the cone was lifted and the child had vanished! Here, the under part of the table was held in its place by springs; when the cone was in position these were released, and the child sank through a trap in the table into the bellows and lay concealed. Small tables of this class are still used for the disappearance of birds, rabbits, etc.

We have said enough to show that though the wizard may profess to work "without appliances," he has yet many around him. These are not all inanimate; one of great value—if he will excuse our dubbing him an "appliance"—is the "page," who takes a leaf out of his master's book, and looks the very ideal of a guileless youth.

He, however, by this innocent manner escapes much observation that might otherwise be extended to him. He comes and goes, on and off the stage, without exciting suspicion; yet, whatever he does is in furtherance of the conjurer's aims, be sure! The page—possibly black—though not literally a "property" (especially since slavery has been abolished), has so much to do with the business of the stage as to demand this recognition.

Some magicians have accomplices amongst the audience, too, but this is looked upon as "bad form" by the better class in the profession, and it is certainly not high art.

We must also draw attention to the wizard's attire, which is certainly his property—in a sense—as he could scarcely borrow one for his necessities, having all the "appliances and means to boot" which distinguish it from ordinary evening dress. To begin with, his coat is a Poole—full of deception. It has pockets, large and small, from which articles of many sizes can be cunningly produced. He has "loading" pockets inside, under each arm, and large ones—*profondes*—in the coat-tails. Here articles of bulk are stowed away, their capacity, indeed, being only rivalled by the omnivorous poke of the Pantomime clown, into which yards of German sausages may be packed without any appreciable addition to the outline of the painted mime.

The professor's coat is not alone guilty of deception, as a means of hiding and disposing of "properties." This quality extends to other portions of his costume. His trousers have pockets (*pochettes*) behind each thigh, and his waistcoat may be furnished with an elastic band, stitched to its lower edge, enabling him to dispose of small articles quickly and without observation, or assisting him in "ringing the changes" of such as are too large to be "palmed" with impunity.

Nor should the "rake," or "practicable," be omitted in our review of the innocent-looking aids to mystification. It is certainly a factor in the problem of *how not to do it*, while you apparently accomplish a feat. The "rake" is the platform or gangway running down from the stage amongst the audience; its open—and, at the first blush, only apparent—use is for the passage from the stage of the wizard to borrow articles, have them marked, recognised, etc.; its hidden value is that it enables the performer to make changes "under cover," as he turns with his back to his patrons.

"Palming" opens up another avenue to innocent deception ever at hand. It is nothing more or less than holding an object in the palm by the simple contraction of that part of the hand. In one way this is a most valuable "property;" and frequently, by long practice, a wonderful power is acquired. It is of first importance in the education of the neophyte, as (especially if he has a large hand) he will be able secretly to hold not only coins, but watches, eggs, lemons, billiard-balls, and such like articles as are usually employed at these exhibitions.

*Sleight-of-hand*, indeed, enters more or less into the composition of all tricks; without it the conjurer's occupation would be gone. It enables him to extract eggs from the mouth of an assistant who, as a confiding youth, comes upon the stage; to pass coins through solid tables, to throw them into crystal cash-boxes, or to discover a veritable Eldorado in the whiskers, cuffs, pockets, or under the coat-collars of members of his audience. By its aid he will wring from the nose of that long-suffering boy who—a real victim, this one!—has ventured upon his platform a Pactolian stream, or prove him guilty of petty larceny by discovering missing articles in his pockets.

But the old idea that "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye" is an exploded one. The fact is the real secret of "conveyance" before the eyes—under the very noses—of the assembly, is the fluent speech (the smart fire of witticism and quick repartee, technically *patter*) by which attention is drawn from the movements of the *prestidigitateur*—admirable name for *Signor Nimblefingers*!

The old class of wizards sought, and still seek, to cause fun by inducing some one from "the front" to come upon the stage, and there making him look—as we have noticed—as foolish as possible; but this system of procuring a "butt" is happily dying out. Indeed a silent and steady revolution for the better has set in since the days of the old necromancers (clumsy impostors only, and not legitimate conjurers!), through the times of the old French *artistes* to our own. The *magiciens* of our lively neighbours wore aprons in front of them, professionally known as *gibecière*, into the pockets of which they ingenuously disposed of articles that had been used, or drew forth from the capacious pouch other things required. We should indeed "make game" of such a bag now. Our own wizards, more bold, who wore flowing robes covered with hieroglyphics, where a small houseful of appliances could readily be stored, have gone the way of all clumsy humbugs. These spoke in high-flown language, and "hey'd, presto'd, and pass'd" ever, as they touched the articles to be changed by their magic wands. This "willow" is now frequently dispensed with altogether, though it is useful as assisting the performer to hold coins, etc., without observation in the hand closed round it. It is sometimes used beyond its legitimate purpose—that is, for effecting a supposed transformation. In this case it is an ingenious piece of trickery, by which the story of the devil's ducat (that always found its way back to its original owner's purse) is recalled. This wand is such as is ordinarily used by conjurers in outward appearance only; it is really hollow, and something like an enlarged pencil-case. By shoving forward a stud, or button, at the back of the wand, a coin is made to appear at the other end. This may be a half-crown. It is in three pieces, but by an arrangement of watch-springs behind they are made to open out like a perfect coin when the stud is pressed upward, or to close and go into the tube as it is withdrawn, the left hand of the performer hiding the movement as he apparently takes the coin off the wand. By elaboration and sleight-of-hand such tricks can be made very interesting.

Another mechanical appliance somewhat similar to the Magic Wand of Fortunatus is "worked" in this wise. A card is chosen from a pack, replaced, and the whole flung into the air. In their fall the conjurer lunges at them with a sword, and seems to pierce a card with it. Very strangely, this is found to be the replaced one—that is, it appears to be; it really is a *duplicate* that flies down the back of the rapier, by aid of an elastic laid in the groove from the hilt, where it has lain, secured from observation, behind the magician's hand during the earlier portion of the trick. The original card has been dexterously "forced" upon the person who is supposed to choose it; for this purpose the conjurer generally fixes upon a lady, whom he requests to take one card from several he holds. As she puts forth her hand, he, in an apparently unconscious manner, so moves the cards as to make her select the one he wishes to force. Sometimes he does not go to so much trouble, for the cards he holds may all be of the same suit and rank as the one concealed by the sword-handle!

Mechanical devices without number come at the call of the modern wizard, nor does he neglect the aid of natural magic, which so greatly assisted the spells of his necromantic ancestors. His "property" boxes are fitted with false bottoms, from

which coins and other articles seem to disappear totally, or to be exchanged for others, and drawers that pull out full or empty at pleasure, on the principle of the well-known magic cigar-case. His ornamental tin covers have cunningly arranged mechanism within by which he can induce the instantaneous growth of flowers, etc., or take up articles by the action of a spring.

Everything is abnormal, and there is no wearing of the heart upon the sleeve. The magic pistols vary from ordinary ones in that they do not fire that with which they are charged; the bottles and the bowls are transparent frauds that cannot be seen through; the portfolios have greater capacity for overloading than a Gravesend steamer!

Some magical boxes differ from those already named. The conjurer may use a nest of boxes, and, though the trick is simplicity itself, these afford great wonder to the uninitiated. The nest is a series of boxes fitting closely one within the other; the lids are so made as to go on all at one time, though taken off one by one. The thaumaturgist having obtained possession of a marked coin by means of what is professionally known as a "rattle-box," passes behind the table where the "nest" is standing, hidden from view by some article in front of it. He drops the coin into the centre box, pops all the lids on at once, and advancing with the nest, places it into the hands of one of the company. He now commands the marked coin to pass from the first to the second box (for at this stage of the trick the spectators imagine the nest to be one box only), and requests some one to examine the first, which is found empty. The holder of the second box now opens his and finds one inside it; he uncovers that, yet another, and so on, until he comes to the last, which, sure enough, contains the marked coin. We have seen how the wizard got the coin into the centre box of the nest, but we have yet to learn how it was spirited away from the single box, where it was distinctly heard to rattle after it had passed into a stranger's hand. The explanation of the mystery is that the conjurer holds the box tilted upwards as the marked coin is placed within it, and the coin slides into his hand from the back. The rattle is simulated by a piece of zinc inside the box.

A little "hand-box," in size and shape like the heel of a boot, is also worthy of notice. It is fastened to the palm by springs that clip the flesh, and it has an opening towards the fingers, at the square end of the heel. This is used for "disappearing" a handkerchief, which is rolled up by the "professor" until it melts "into thin air;" when the trick is over the box is disposed of in one of the magician's numerous pockets, or on the *servante*.

One pretty, and to most persons incomprehensible, trick is arranged by having a box, or stand, with a vase upon it. The wizard throws his ever-useful handkerchief, or cloth, over this; then, withdrawing it immediately, a rose is seen within the vase, which—taking off the glass lid—he will possibly present in all its blushing beauty to some equally blushing rosebud of humanity in front.

This is performed by having the back of the box (kept away from the spectators) open, and here the rose is attached to a curved wire attached to a spring. The back of the glass vase has also an aperture in it to admit the rose, which flies into position as the conjurer throws the handkerchief over the vase and releases the spring at the base of the box.



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ROBINETTA.

[From the Picture by Sir J. Reynolds in the National Gallery.

## SOME SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

### II.—CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTTISH HUMOUR.

THE humour of any country really represents its human character, and it varies therefore in every nation with the character. The English, Irish, French, Spanish, and American have all varying shades of humour decidedly their own; differences and resemblances, contrasts and likenesses. Humour is the outflowing of the human character; and such as the character is—and that will vary from the influence of temperament, scenery, and circumstance—so will the humour be. The Scottish character has a kind of humour especially its own.

Reticence is one very marked characteristic; a reserved sense—sometimes a kind of grim reserve; indeed, this pervades, more or less, all the manifestations.

Thus we read that “a minister’s man,” one of a class of whom, indeed, many stories are told, was following the minister from the manse to the kirk one Sabbath afternoon, when, the minister glancing back, perceived a smile on the face of his old attendant.

“What makes you laugh, James? It is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?”

“Oh, naething particular,” says James; “I was only thinking o’ something that happened this forenoon.”

“What is that? Tell me what it was.”

“Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi’ me; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles no pleased to get auld sermons fra’ you, and, this morning, I got the better of the kirk session ony way.”

“And how was that, Jamie?” says the minister.

“Deed, sir, when we came out o’ the kirk this forenoon I kenned what they were thinking; and says I, ‘Eh, but you canna ca’ that an auld sermon this day, for it’s not abune sax weeks since you heard it last!’”

Dr. McLeod was proceeding from the manse of D— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him.

“Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you.”

“Well, Duncan,” says the venerable doctor—it was, we believe, the father of the well-known Scottish minister of our own day—“well, Duncan, can you not wait till after worship?”

“No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience.”

“Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time passes.”

“The matter is this, doctor. Ye see the clock ponders, on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there; nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord.”

“Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am

glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still.”

“Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair.”

“Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?”

This, says the story, settled the question; and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Grotesque and ludicrous, producing the effect of humour without being humorous—we have said this is often the characteristic of Scottish humour. At a time when many of the poor in Scotland had scarcely any notion of any food but oatmeal, a gentleman asked a boy one day if he did not tire of porridge. The boy looked up astonished, saying,

“Wad ye hae me no’ like my meat?”

And so we read of a wee laddie interrogating his mother,

“Mither, will we hae tea tae our breakfast the morn?”

“Ay, laddie, if we’re spared.”

“And if we’re no spared, mither, will we only hae parritch?”

The story is well known of the old lady who shared the strong prejudices against the organ in divine service. One was, however, erected in her kirk; it was the first she had ever seen or heard, and she was asked her opinion of it after the first performance, and she replied, “It’s a very bonny kist (chest) o’ whistles; but oh, sirs, it’s an awfu’ way of spending the Sabbath day!” At a church in Edinburgh, where, after a considerable strife, an organ was erected, it was discovered one Sabbath morning that it could not be used, and the beadle appeared before the reverend doctor, the pastor of the congregation, just as he was going into the pulpit, saying, sily—he had always been opposed to the innovation, —“Doctor, yon creature of an ourgan has gi’en up the ghaist althegither the day!”

The best humour of Scotland is of a very sly and subtle kind. Even the best humour of Burns is often of this order. The Waverley novels, overflowing with every variety of Scottish humour, have many illustrations of this; the answers of Edie Ochiltree, for instance, in his examination before the magistrate, Bailie Littlejohn. The old blue-gown’s fencings of speech are all in this play of unconscious subtlety:

“Can you tell me now, bailie, you that understand the law, what gude will it do me to answer ony of your questions?”

“Good! no good, certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may entitle me to set you at liberty.”

“But it seems mair reasonable to me now that you, bailie, or anybody that has onything to say against me, should prove my guilt, and not be bidding me to prove my innocence.”

"I don't sit here, answered the magistrate, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Ringan Arkwood, the forester's, on the day I have specified?"

"Really, sir, I dinna feel myself called on to remember," replied the bedesman.

"Or whether in the course of that day or night you saw Steven or Steenie Mucklebacket? You know him, I suppose?"

"Oh, brawlie did I ken Steenie, pur fallow," replied the prisoner, "but I canna condescend on any particular time I have seen him lately."

"Were you in the ruins of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?"

"Baillie Littlejohn," said the mendicant, "if it be your honour's pleasure, we'll cut a long tale short, and I'll just tell you I'm no minded to answer ony o' thae questions. I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the magistrate, "that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble."

"Na, na," said Ochiltree. "I'll no hae that set down as any part o' my answer; but I just meant to say, that in all my memory and practice I never saw ony gude come o' answering idle questions."

"Write down," said the bailie, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the declarant refuses—"

"Na, na, bailie," reiterated Edie, "ye are not to come in on me that gait either."

This conversation well illustrates that pleasant phase of Scottish humour, simple yet shrewd, which has received the well-known epithet of *canny*.

Perhaps this is the faculty which gives that fine power of repelling an assault by some keen, efficient reply, sometimes delicate and sometimes coarse, as the case may be, but quite equal to the end. We have heard of a Scotchwoman who had accompanied her mistress to Ireland, who, being jeered by an Irishman on her unmarried condition, replied, in the predestinarian phraseology very peculiar to her class, "I'm truly thankful that a man was na ordainit to me, for maybe he might have been like yoursel'."

Indeed, this cautious and canny slowness of character is enjoined in a well-known Scottish proverb, "Naething should be done in haste but gripping fleas;" concerning which Motherwell, in his introduction to Henderson's "Proverbs of Scotland," tells a humorous anecdote. An indefatigable collector of rusty old saws was in the habit of jotting down any saying new to him on the back of cards, letters, etc. On one occasion he had an altercation with a stranger at a friend's house. The quarrel, becoming warm, ended by Motherwell's friend excitedly handing the other, as he thought, his card. On the gentleman preparing to vindicate his honour, as he thought, next morning, it occurred to him to learn the name of his antagonist. On looking at the card he found no name, but in place of it, traced in good legible characters, "Naething should be done in a hurry but catching fleas." The effect of this is said to have been irresistible, and the result an immediate reconciliation.

A droll kind of slow movement of character gives

a hint of a good deal of the humour. It is recorded by Chambers and other Scottish historians that when Mrs. Siddons was in Edinburgh, on the occasion of her first appearance, the audience had been, to English notions, singularly undemonstrative of their approbation. Yet during one scene the whole house was held entirely spellbound and breathless, when there was heard distinctly from the pit a voice from some canny, cautious Scotch critic, "Yon was no' that bad;" and at that word the whole house burst forth into a perfect tumult and uproar of applause. A lady of rank, a very dear friend of the writer, herself a Scotchwoman of a very old family, usually goes into the housekeeper's room every morning to give her directions for the day to her housekeeper, a daughter of Aberdeen. Our friend has a considerable play of humour and fun, and she has told us how, more than once, after some humorous remark, on the day following her housekeeper will say to her, "Yon was a very humoursome thing ye're leddyship was saying yesterday." It had taken twenty-four hours for the saying fairly to work in the mind. It was like the Scotchman's criticism in the theatre, "Yon was no' that bad!"

It is no doubt owing to this queer slowness in the character that we have among Scottish anecdotes so many of the ludicrous, which are not humorous. Dr. Rogers, in his collection, gives an instance of grotesque stupidity in a magistrate. A bailie of the Gorbals, Glasgow, was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before his tribunal with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I hae na doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en oot o' my ain pouch-pocket this vera week." The same magisterial logician was, on another occasion, seated on the bench when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime you are fined half-a-guinea." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proven. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just make the fine five shillings." But we have many analogies to this worthy among the magistrates of England.

The humour of some stories needs some little knowledge to apprehend the altogether unconscious humour which comes out from the narrator. It has been said, that of all the sciences, it is a difficult task to make a Highlander comprehend the value of mineralogy; there is some sense in astronomy, it means the guidance of the stars in aid of navigation; there is sense in chemistry, it is connected with dyeing, and other arts; but "chopping off bits of the rocks," that is a mystery.

A shepherd was sitting in a Highland inn, and he communicated to another his experiences with "one of they mad Englishmen."

"There was one," said he, "who gave me his bag to carry, by a short cut, across the hills to his inn, while he took the other road. Eh! it was dreadfully heavy, and, when I got out of his sight, I determined to see what was in it, for I wondered at the unco' weight of the thing; and, man! it's no use for you to guess what was in that bag, for ye'd ne'er find out. It was stones."

"Stones," said his companion, opening his eyes, "stones!"



"Ay, just stones."

"Well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them. And did you carry it?"

"Carry it! Man, do ye think I was as mad as himself? Nae! Nae! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and I gave him good measure for his money."

And yet Hugh Miller was a Scotchman!

It has sometimes appeared to us that old Scotland furnishes a greater variety of humour in the character than any other region of which we have heard; there is a greater originality, and there is less sameness. Sir Walter Scott knew this, and he studied this variety, and originality in variety, so as to bring it out in the many characters he portrays. Daft Jock Amos is a character of whom many stories are told.

"John," said the minister to him one day—"John, can you repeat the Fourth Commandment? I hope you can—which is the Fourth Commandment?"

"I dare say, Mr. Boston, it'll be the ane after the third."

"Can you repeat it?"

"I'm no sure about it. I ken it has some wheeram by the rest."

Mr. Boston repeated it. He had found John working with a knife on the Sabbath day. He tried to show him his error, but John whittled on.

"But, John, why won't you rather come to church, John? What is the reason you never come to church?"

"Because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on."

"What text would you have me to preach on?"

"On the nine-and-twenty knives that came back from Babylon."

"I never heard of them before!"

"It is a sign you never read your Bible. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Boston! sic fool, sic minister."

But Mr. Boston went away and searched long and hard for John's text, and sure enough he found the record in Ezra i. 9; though he still wondered greatly at the acuteness of the fool, considering the subject on which he had been reproving him. But this story became the foundation of a proverb, "The mair fool are ye, as Jock Amos said to the minister." It was to this same Jock Amos an old wife said one day,

"John, how auld will ye be?" They had been talking of their ages.

"Oh, I dinna ken," said John. "It would tak a wiser head than mine to tell ye that."

"It is unco' queer that ye dinna ken how auld you are," returned she.

"I ken weel enough how auld I am," said John, "but I dinna ken how auld I'll be."

A good deal of the humour is just in the shrewd simplicity of a reply. A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand and trudging along barefoot.

"My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?"

"Partly they do," said the girl, "and partly they mind their own business."

In the town of Falkirk there lived a very notorious infidel who gloried in his profanity. On one occasion he was denouncing the absurdity of the doctrine of original sin; and the beadle of the parish, perhaps, thought himself bound officially to put in his word, although the other was socially his superior.

"Mr. H.," said he, "it seems to me that you needna fash (trouble) yoursel' about original sin, for to my certain knowledge you have as much akwal (actual) sin as will do your business."

The humour of the Scotchman does not always seem to wear the most amiable complexion. Some one remarked to an Aberdonian, "It's a fine day."

"Fa's (who's) finding faut wi' the day?" was the very civil reply. "Ye wad pick a quarrel wi' a steen (stone) wa'!"

The humours of the religious character are among the most noticeable. To some English readers the phraseology may be amusing from its quaintness, but let them remember that it is used with the most solemn reverence. A Scotchman would be equally amused with the seeming irreverence of "Jessica's First Prayer," or with the words of the worthy English soldier, who, in his prayer at the opening of Mrs. Daniell's Home, at Aldershot, said, "Lord, Thou knowest what a fix the poor soldier was in before this here blessed place was built." Stories are told of a Mr. James Lockhart, of the Salt Market, in Glasgow, who was a good specimen of the old-fashioned morality of bygone times. One day a country girl came into his shop to buy a pair of garters. Having asked the price, Mr. Lockhart told her they were fourpence. The girl said, "I will not give you a farthing more than threepence for them." "Weel, lassie, you'll not get them," replied the shopkeeper. Shortly afterwards the girl returned and said, "I'll noo gie ye fourpence." "Gang awa, lassie; gang awa," replied Mr. Lockhart, "and no tell lies." An anecdote is told of another worthy tradesman, a near neighbour of the above, which illustrates the high principle and simple manners of one who lived when profane swearing was too common. One day a woman came into the shop of this person (his son became a magistrate of the city). She asked the price of his goods, and hearing the cost, she cried out at the top of her voice, "Lord preserve us!" which words were no sooner ejaculated than the good religious man touched her very gently on the arm, and, with a look of kindness, said to her, "It is very good always to pray." "Was I praying, sir?" asked the woman. "Indeed you were; but you might do so more reverently."

The Ettrick Shepherd, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," refers to the religious character of the shepherds of Scotland in his day, as a class, in his experience; he says it was scarcely possible that he could be other than a religious character, feeling himself to be a dependent creature, compelled to hold converse with the cloud and the storm, on the misty mountain and the dark waste, in the whirling drift and the overwhelming thaw; amid the voices and sounds that are only heard in the howling cliff and the solitary dell. "Among the shepherds," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "the antiquated but delightful exercise of family worship was never neglected;" always gone about with decency and decorum; but, he continues, "formality being a thing despised, there are no compositions, that I ever heard, so truly original as those prayers occasionally are; sometimes for rude eloquence and pathos, at other times for an indescribable sort of pomp, and, not unfrequently, for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity." He gives some illustrations quite justifying this description from some with whom he had himself served and herded. One of the most notable men for this sort of family eloquence, he thought, was a

certain Adam Scott, in Upper Dalgleish. Thus he prayed for a son who seemed thoughtless: "For Thy mercy's sake—for the sake of Thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing Thee in their ain shilly shally-way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to Thee, hae mercy on Rob. Ye ken fu' weel he is a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish; but put Thy hook in his nose, and Thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the longest day he has to leeve." He prayed for another son away from home: "Dinna forget poor Jamie, wha's far awa' frae us the nicht. Keep Thy arm o' power about him; and oh, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smedduum to act for himself. For if ye dinna, he'll be but a bauckle (an old shoe) in this world and a backsitter in the neist." Another time, when the first Napoleon was filling Europe with alarm, he prayed: "Bring down the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill the year, and gie him a cup o' Thy wrath, and gin he winna take that, gie him kelty (two cups)." Hogg heard a relation of his own, a worthy old shepherd, pray as follows on the day on which he buried his only son: "Thou hast seen meet in Thy wise Providence to remove the staff out of my right hand at the very time when, to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o't. But oh, ee was a sicker (such) ane and a sure ane, and a dear ane to my heart! And how I'll climb the steep hill o' auld age and sorrow without it Thou mayst ken, but I dinna." Another time he prayed during a severe and long-lying storm of snow, "Is the whiteness of desolation to lie still on the mountains o' our land for ever? Is the earthly hopes o' Thy servants to perish frae the face o' the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are Thine, and their lives or deaths

wad be naething to unee—thou wad be neither richer nor poorer, but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives of Thy creatures, for beast and body are a' Thy handiwork, and send us the little wee cludd out o' the sea like a man's hand, to spread and darken, and pour and flash, till the green gladsome face o' nature aince mair appear." Reading the story of Goliath and David at family prayer, his prayer, as was often the case, became a commentary: "And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowstoring upon us, like Goli o' Gath, oh, enable us to fling off the airmor and hairn-ishing o' the law, whilk we haena proved, and whup up the simple sling o' the gospel, and nail the smooth stanes o' redeeming grace into their foreheads."

The Waverley novels constitute the most comprehensive compendium of Scotch humour of every kind and variety. The characters are living embodiments of the humour of the nation, especially in that feature we have indicated, its imperturbable unconsciousness. King Jamie and "Gingling Geordie," or George Heriot and Andrew Fairservice, and Richie Moneplies, and crowds besides, all fulfil this droll unconsciousness. They say the most pleasant and unexpectedly odd things, which make the reader's sides ache with laughing, and themselves see nothing in what they say to provoke a smile. A minister called to console a poor widow who had just lost her husband, Jock Dunn, a thriftless rascal, who only lived to eat and drink the hard-won earnings of his patient wife, Jeanie. "Providence in His mercy," said the minister, "has seen fit to take awa' the head of yer house, Jeanie, lass." To this the bereaved wife philosophically replied, "Oh, hoch aye, but, thank gudeness, Providence, in His mercy, has ta'en awa' the stommack tae!" There is a deal of quiet philosophy in Scotch humour.

## THE TROUBLES OF A CHINAMAN.

BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER VII.—STRANGE PREPARATIONS.

HOWEVER much it might please William Biddulph to see things in a rose-coloured light, there was no doubt that the capital of the Centenarian was seriously threatened with the loss of two hundred thousand dollars. There was no mistake about Kin-Fo's intention to put an end to himself; he could not see the least good in continuing in poverty an existence which riches did not suffice to relieve of weariness and *ennui*.

The letter which had been so long delayed in its delivery had announced that the Central Bank of California had stopped payment. Here it was that the whole bulk of Kin-Fo's property had been invested; the intelligence seemed authoritative, and would soon be confirmed by the papers, and the fact of his ruin would quickly be known. Beyond what property was locked up in the bank, he had next to nothing in the world; he might sell his house at Shang-Hai, but the proceeds would be utterly inadequate to maintain him. The money which he had in hand he had now expended in the payment of the premium of his life-policy, and although he had a few shares in the Tien-Tsin Steamship Company, they would barely realise enough to pay his outstanding liabilities.

Under similar circumstances a Frenchman or an Englishman would have resigned himself forthwith to the prospect of a life of labour; a Celestial sees things in quite a different light, and almost as a matter of course resorts to a voluntary death as the easiest mode of escaping his difficulties. Kin-Fo was a true Chinaman in this respect.

The courage of the Chinese is merely passive, but such as it is, it is developed in a remarkable way. His indifference to death is quite extraordinary. In sickness he is never unnerved; and a criminal, as he passes under the hands of the executioner, will exhibit no signs of fear. The frequent public executions, and the horrible tortures included in their penal code, have long familiarised the subjects of the Celestial Empire with the idea of renouncing life without regret.

Hence it is not surprising that the approach of death should be an ordinary topic of conversation. The worship of ancestors is universal, and in the meanest hovel, no less than in the most spacious mansion, there is always a kind of domestic sanctuary wherein are deposited the relics of the departed, in whose honour a festival is duly observed in the second month.

In the same store where infants' cradles and wedding outfits are displayed for sale a variety of coffins is always to be found—"births, marriages, and deaths" supplying their demands at one common centre. Indeed, the purchase and possession of a

His mind was fully made up; no one, not even Wang, with all his influence, would be able to shake his determination; not that Wang had any suspicion of his pupil's design, nor had Soon observed anything to make him guess what was on his master's mind, except that he had noticed that a singular indulgence had been shown to his blunders, and that, however much he might have deserved chastisement, his pigtail had been left without further mutilation.

A popular Chinese proverb says, "To get true happiness on earth you should live in Canton and die at Lai-Choo;" the simple explanation being that at Canton the appliances of luxury are most readily obtained, while Lai-Choo does a large trade in coffins. It was now long since Kin-Fo had sent an order to Lai-Choo, and thence had procured a coffin, which was quite a masterpiece of its kind. Its arrival at Shang-Hai excited not the least surprise; it was duly placed in the appointed chamber; from time to time it was polished with wax, and left to await the hour when Kin-Fo's demise should bring it into requisition. At the same time that he bought the coffin, he bought a white cock, which was to be incarnated with the evil spirits that would otherwise hover around and obstruct the happy passage of the seven elements of the soul.

The mere possession of the coffin, however, did not quite satisfy Kin-Fo's mind. He felt it his duty to draw out an elaborate programme for his funeral obsequies, and it will be seen that he by no means exhibited the same indifference to the details which belonged to the affairs of death as he affected towards the interests of life.

Taking a large sheet of what is generally known as "rice paper," although rice forms no ingredient in its manufacture, he proceeded to write down his instructions.

After giving his house at Shang-Hai to the young widow, and bequeathing to Wang a portrait of the Tai-Ping Emperor, legacies which they were to enjoy in addition to the benefit accruing to them from the assurance in the Centenarian, Kin-Fo went at once to the directions for his interment.

At the head of the *cortège*, in the place of relatives, of whom he had none, there was to be a number of friends, all dressed in white, the Chinese emblem of mourning. The streets, as far as the tomb, which was already erected in the suburbs of the town, were to be lined by a double row of attendants carrying either blue parasols, halberds, or silk screens, some of them bearing placards on which were inscribed the details of the ceremony; these were all to wear black tunics with white waistbands, and felt hats with red aigrettes. Behind the first group of friends a herald was to march dressed in red from head to foot, and beating a gong; he was to be followed by a portrait of the deceased Kin-Fo himself, borne in a richly decorated shrine. Next in order was another group of friends, whose duty it would be to fall



AMONG THE TOMBS.

coffin may be described as a *sine qua non* to a Chinese of the present day; no house is considered to be furnished without its coffin, which is not unfrequently presented by a son to a father as an appropriate token of the sincerest filial affection; it is deposited in the sanctuary, where it is periodically renovated and adorned, and even after it has received its consignment of mortal remains, it is often preserved for years with pious care. Altogether, respect for the dead is a fundamental element in the religious faith of the Chinese, and it must be owned that it contributes largely to the maintenance of family concord.

Kin-Fo's temperament, cool and averse to excitability, especially predisposed him to face the thought of death without flinching. He had made provision for the only two individuals for whom he was conscious of any affection, and now had nothing more to do but to carry out the intention he had formed; and to this he proceeded without any conception of committing a crime, but under the most solid conviction that he was doing a perfectly legitimate act.



fainting at regular intervals upon cushions carried ready to receive them; this group was to be succeeded by another, consisting entirely of young people, who would be protected by a blue and gold canopy, and whose task it was to scatter fragments of white paper, each perforated with a hole designed as an outlet by which any evil spirit might escape that was likely otherwise to join the procession.

Then was to come the catafalque. This was to be an enormous palanquin hung with violet silk, embroidered all over with gold dragons and supported by fifty bearers; on either side were to be two rows of priests, arrayed in grey, red, and yellow chasubles; the recitations of their prayers were to alternate with the mingled roar of clarionets, gongs, and huge trumpets. Finally, an array of mourning coaches, draped in white, would bring up the rear.

Kin-Fo was quite aware that the directions he was giving could only be carried out by the exhaustion of all his little remnant of property, but he was doing nothing that the Chinese would think in the least extraordinary; such spectacles are by no means unfrequent in the thoroughfares of Canton, Shang-Hai, and Peking, where the people regard them only as the natural homage due to the dead. The day upon which Kin-Fo had ultimately settled to take his farewell of life was the 1st of May. In the course of the afternoon a letter arrived from La-oo. The young widow placed at his disposal whatever little fortune she possessed; his wealth, she protested, was nothing to her; for him her affection was unchanged, unchangeable; why should they not be content with modest means; why should they not still be happy?

But Kin-Fo saw nothing to shake his resolution. "She will reap the benefit of my death," he said.

He had yet to settle the precise means of his death. To this point he began now to devote his attention, indulging the hope that he might find in the circumstances of his departure from the world an emotion that he had failed to derive from his experiences in it.

Within the precincts of the yamen were four pretty little kiosks, or pavilions, all decorated with that fantastic skill that is so exclusive a gift of the Chinese artisan. Their names were significant: there was the kiosk of Happiness, into which Kin-Fo persistently refused to enter; the kiosk of Fortune, for which he avowed the supreme contempt; the kiosk of Pleasure, for which he had no taste; the fourth was the kiosk of Long Life.

Thus far did Kin-Fo resolve—he he would go that night to the pavilion of Long Life, and would be found there on the following morning—happy in the sleep of death. There still remained the decision to be arrived at—by what method should he die? Should he rip open his stomach like a Japanese? should he strangle himself with a silk girdle like a mandarin? Should he open a vein as he reclined in a perfumed bath, like the Roman epicure of old?

He reviewed these various devices only to reject them all; to himself they all alike appeared brutal; to his attendants they would be utterly revolting. A few grains of opium, mixed with poison subtle but sure, would carry him painlessly out of the world. The choice was soon made.

As the sun began to sink towards the west, and Kin-Fo realised that he had now only a few hours to live, he determined to go out, and to take a last walk upon the plain of Shang-Hai, along the bank of the Wang-Pow, where he had often sauntered listlessly in the seasons of his *ennui*. He had not seen Wang all day, and did not catch sight of him anywhere as he left the yamen.

Very slowly he traversed the English territory, crossed the bridge over the creek, and entering the French quarter, kept on till he came to the quay facing the native harbour. Thence, following the city wall as far as the Roman Catholic cathedral in the southern suburb, he turned to the right, and took



A YOUNG TANKADERE.

the road leading to the pagoda of Loung-Hoo.

Here he found himself in the open country, on an extensive marshy plain that stretched far away to the wooded heights that bounded the valley of the Min. The soil for the most part was given up to the cultivation of rice, except where it was broken by canals direct from the sea, or where some miser-

able reed huts, with floors of yellow mud, were surrounded by patches of corn just raised above the level of the water. A number of dogs, white goats, geese, and ducks rarely failed to start off in alarm at the approach of a traveller along the narrow paths.

To the eye of a stranger the aspect of the country, cultivated highly though it is, would be decidedly repulsive. All the plains around the cities of China are like a vast cemetery, and on this plain there were coffins literally by hundreds strewing the ground. As well as mounds of earth showing where interments had been made, there were whole pyramids rising one above another, like the scaffolding in a dockyard. It is alleged that it is forbidden to bury any of these while the existing dynasty occupies the throne, but whether or not this be so, there they are, lying in tiers, some elaborately painted, some altogether plain and unpretending; some fresh and bright, some crumbling to dust; but all awaiting apparently for years the rites of sepulture.

Quite familiar with the strange spectacle, Kin-Fo did not look much about him, otherwise his attention could hardly have failed in being arrested by two men, dressed as Europeans, who had been following him ever since he left the yamen. They were apparently bent on keeping him in sight, walking a little distance behind him and regulating their pace precisely according to his. Occasionally they exchanged a few words, and were evidently spies engaged to watch his proceedings. Both of them under thirty years of age, they were strong and agile, firm of limb and keen of eye, and were careful not for a moment to let him escape their observation. When, after walking nearly three miles, Kin-Fo began to retrace his steps, they likewise turned and followed like bloodhounds on a track.

Meeting several miserable-looking beggars, Kin-Fo gave them some trifling alms; and a little farther on he came across some of the native Christian women who had been trained by the French Sisters of Charity, each of them carrying a basket on her back in which to put any child that might be found abandoned in the streets, and to convey it to a foundling-home. These women have gained for themselves the nickname of "rag-pickers;" and, truly, what they gather from the byways of the city are often little to be distinguished from bundles of rags. Kin-Fo emptied his purse into their hands. The spies glanced at each other with a look of surprise at an act so entirely contrary to the habits of the Chinese. Only an unusual state of mind could result in so unusual an action on the part of a Celestial.

It was growing dusk when he reached the quay, but the floating population had not gone to rest; shouts and songs were resounding through the air, and he paused a few moments; it struck him that it would be curious to listen to that last song he should ever hear on earth.

A young Tankadere who was taking her sampan across the dark waters of the Wang-Pow began to sing,—

"I deck my boat with a thousand flowers,  
Counting the hours;  
My prayers to the blue-god ever rise  
Homeward to turn my lover's eyes;  
My soul impassion'd ever cries,  
Will he come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" thought Kin-Fo to himself;  
'where shall I be to-morrow?"

"I know not what land of cold or drought

His steps have sought;  
Roaming beyond old China's wall  
Heedless what perils may befall;  
Ah! could he hear my heart-sick call—  
He would come to-morrow.

To seek for wealth, oh, why didst thou stay  
Far, far away?

Why dost thou tarry? the months glide by,  
Waiteth the priest the bands to tie,  
Phoenix\* to phoenix ever nigh;  
Come, oh come to-morrow!"

The voice died away in the distance, and Kin-Fo began to reflect; although he acknowledged to himself that riches are not everything in the world, he adhered to his view that the world is not worth having without them.

In another half-hour he had reached his home, and the spies were obliged to relinquish their watch over his movements. He directed his way quietly and unobserved to the pavilion of Long Life; opening the door quickly, he closed it as quickly behind him, and found himself in a little chamber entirely without light, until he put a match to a lamp with a ground glass shade that stood ready for use. Close at hand was a table formed of a solid slab of jade, and on this there was a box already provided with opium, and with several of the deadliest poisons.

Taking a few grains of the opium, he put them into the ordinary red clay pipe, and prepared to smoke.

"And now," he said; "now for the sleep from which I am never more to wake!"

Suddenly he dashed the pipe to the ground.

"No, no, no!" he cried; "I am not going to die in this way without a sense of emotion. Emotion I want, and I mean to have it! To die in this way! Out of the question!"

He unlocked the door of the kiosk of Long Life, and hurried off to Wang's apartment.

\* Two phoenixes, a common emblem of marriage in China.

## Varieties.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE YEAR.—Whatever may be said about "badness of trade" and stagnation in business, literature, or production in literature, holds the even tenor of its way; nay, even increased vigour would seem to be manifested in providing us with food and culture for the mind. These reflections come to us from a consideration of the analytical summary of works issued during 1879. Comparing the yield with that of 1878, we find that the total of books issued during the year is 5,834 against 5,314 in 1878. Of these, 4,294 are new books, 3,730 being the number of new books chronicled for 1878; of new editions there are 1,540 as against 1,584 new editions in 1878. The various classes show comparatively as follows, new books and new editions together:—Divinity is forty per cent. in advance of last year in point of numbers; education has the same increase; fiction and juvenile works are about on a par with those of 1878; law, jurisprudence, etc., have afforded about twenty per cent. more books in 1879 than in 1878; political and practical matters, art and illustrated books, about half as many again as the preceding year; geographical research, travels, history, etc., show a large increase; as against practical treatises, poetry and the drama are not so well represented, being fewer by some sixty or seventy books; of the rest we may say that about the average increase is kept up. The proportion of new books as compared with new editions is, in 1879, much greater than in 1878. In 1879 the new books are not far from three times the number of the new editions; in 1878 the new books were about two and a half times as many as the new editions.—*Publishers' Circular.*